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The Sailor's Daughter



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THE  
**Sailor's Daughter.**

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THE  
SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

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BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

*Printed by Luke Hanjard,*

FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.

FINCH-BURY-SQUARE

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1804.

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PR  
3392  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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I PRESENT this Comedy to the Public, trusting it may find favour in the closet, whatever it may be likely to experience on the Stage. Perhaps I have not been so studious of the reigning taste as I ought to have been, had I looked to temporary success only, and disregarded all those principles of composition, for which I still maintain a respect, and upon which I long since endeavoured to form my character as a dramatic writer. I have lived to see a good old practice thrown aside, and a new one introduced; but as I cannot think a cap and bells any ornament to the head of Apollo, I confess I am not disposed to be a partner in that buffoonery.

To the Performers, who fill'd the Characters in this Comedy, I beg leave to acknowledge my obligations, and return my warmest thanks. In every department of the Theatre I experienced the most cordial support; and I venture  
to

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

to predict an auspicious æra to the Stage of Drury Lane, under its present direction, though my efforts should fail to contribute to the success of it. I know there are men who will not prostitute their genius to the meretricious taste of the time, and to their candour, with every earnest wish for their success, I humbly recommend this Comedy.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.



## P R O L O G U E.

Two Neighbours—JOHN and GILES—agreed to take  
A friendly tour for recreation sake;  
Their simple object, to see something new,  
The better—should it prove amusing too.  
So out they set—the roads were somewhat rough,  
Small inns, plain fare, and cookery coarse enough,  
Poor sport you'll say; but still they jumbled on,  
GILES growl'd, but nothing disconcerted JOHN.  
GILES left at every baiting-place a curse,  
If bad it was, his temper made it worse:  
JOHN, who saw all things in their fairest light,  
Thought wisely, if he would be pleas'd, he might.  
So GILES return'd with time and cash mis-spent:  
JOHN set out cheerful, and came back content.—

Thus, if the great MAJORITY, from whom  
The SCENES now opening must receive their doom,  
Should, in the spirit of this simple tale,  
Praise where we strike, and pardon where we fail,  
The humble efforts of our veteran Muse  
Some gleam of comic humour may diffuse:  
Proud, if her harmless pleasantries shall cheer  
The feeling heart, nor pain the critic ear;  
Blest, if her SAILOR'S DAUGHTER shall display  
In their true light the heroes of our day;  
Heroes, by whom defended, Albion braves  
The Gallie Ty, not and his hordes of slaves;  
Uncover'd to ISIDORE whose mighty flag unfurl'd,  
Triumphant over the faltering World.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR MATHEW MORIBUND	Mr. WROUGHTON.
MANDEVILLE .....	Mr. DWYER.
CAPTAIN SENTAMOUR ....	Mr. POPE.
VARNISH .....	Mr. RUSSELL.
SINGLETON .....	Mr. CAULFIELD.
HARTSHORN, an Apothecary ...	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
LINDSAY .....	Mr. BARTLEY.
RAVEN, Sir Mathew's servant ....	Mr. DOWTON.
SHOPMAN to Hartshorn ....	Mr. EVANS.
SERVANT to Varnish .....	Mr. RHODES.
SERVANT to Sir Mathew ...	Mr. WEBB.
LOUISA DAVENANT .....	Mrs. JORDAN.
JULIA CLAREVILLE .....	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. HARTSHORN .....	Mrs. SPARKS.
NURSE .....	Mrs. MADDOCKS.

---

SCENE ----- *BATH.*

---

THE  
SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

---

ACT I.

---

SCENE, *the back room of an Apothecary's Shop*  
HARTSHORN comes hastily out of the Shop,  
followed by Mrs. HARTSHORN.

HARTSHORN, Mrs. HARTSHORN.

Mrs. HARTS. Sam Hartshorn, Sam Hartshorn !  
will you hear me, or will you not ?

HARTS. I do hear you. Every body hears you.  
Didn't you observe that deaf old fellow in the  
shop ? I should have held him by the ears this  
week ; you brought him to his hearing with a  
word. He's cur'd ; I've lost a patient by you,  
Mrs. Hartshorn.

Mrs. H. How many have you gain'd by me,  
Mr. Apothecary ? Whose business have you  
stept into ? My husband's—poor dear man.

B

Is

2 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

Is there any thing in or about this house that I, weak woman as I was, did not bestow on you ?

HARTS. Yes, there is.

Mrs. H. What is there, I would know ?

HARTS. The golden mortar over the door.

Mrs. H. Aye, truly, it has been a golden mortar to you. Why then have you admitted a lodger into my house, without my leave ; and why do you persist to keep her in it, without my liking ?

HARTS. Who is it that you do like ?

Mrs. H. Not your Julia Clareville for one. I desire to have no more of her company : none of your Irish misses in my family. I know nothing of her, or her connections.

HARTS. Then I'll tell you—Her father, Captain Edmund Clareville, was as brave a man as Ireland ever bred ; and that is not saying a little for his courage. I was surgeon of his ship for six good years, and saw plenty of sharp service in the time. When his leg was shatter'd by a ball, I cut it off. It was like cutting my own heart out of my body ; for he died under the knife, tho' it was as masterly an amputation as ever was perform'd. He was a friend and a father to me ; and can you think Sam Hartshorn will desert the orphan daughter of his brave old Captain ?—No, dammee, no ; that scurvy practice never shall be mine.

Mrs. H.

Mrs. H. So much for your story: but there are more stories than your's; and some that don't tell to your Miss Julia's credit.

HARTS. That may depend upon who has the telling of them.

Mrs. H. She is the talk of the whole place. All the idle fellows in Bath hover about the house, in hopes to spy her pretty face forsooth at the window.

HARTS. Put your own face out, and disappoint them.

Mrs. H. No people of fashion countenance her. None of them visit her.

HARTS. No, they visit the street. There they get colds and coughs,—and then I visit them.

Mrs. H. Aye, you visit! Where's the good of that? When my first husband was alive, he knew something. What do you know?—Ship-practice.

HARTS. Well! that is a practice pretty much in credit. I am not ashamed of it.

Mrs. H. You are ashamed of nothing. I acknowledge that—You are not ashamed of harbouring a Miss in my house, to be the gazing stock of the whole city. 'Tis making yourself a mountebank, a show-man. Therefore, as you took your Julia in, I desire you'll turn your Julia out.

HARTS. Sorry I can't oblige you.

#### 4 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

Mrs. H. Then, if you won't do it, I will.

HARTS. Indeed you will not,

Mrs. H. Who'll prevent me?

HARTS. Conscience—not your conscience, but mine.

Mrs. H. Oh! what? You've a conscience; have you?

HARTS. A tolerably easy one. I have a wife also: I wish I could say as much for her.

Mrs. H. You have a memory too, I hope, and can recollect what you were when I deemed myself to marry you—An understrapper in the shop, a whackum to my poor dear husband.

HARTS. Take care I'm not a whackum to your poor dear husband's wife. Recollect I carry a cane not only for ornament but use.

Mrs. H. Ah, you sea monster! do you threaten me?

HARTS. No, I hint it to you in time, because that's fair. I have a tolerable good temper while it lasts; but as it is just now a-going, you had best be gone first.

Mrs. H. Oh, that you would take your own physic, and give me a chance to outlive you!

[*Exit.*]

HARTS. Come, come: that's pretty well. Take my own physic!—That's not much amiss. My dame has some wit in her malice, and no want of malice in her wit.

Julia

A COMEDY.

5

*Julia enters.*

JULIA. Ah, now, my good Mr. Hartshorn, what have I done to displease your spouse, that she looks so black upon me all on a sudden?

HARTS. Does she look black? Let her have a care she don't look black and blue too.

JULIA. Ah, but look ye now, Mr. Hartshorn. You are my own kind friend, that is true; but that is no reason I should tarry in your house, when your spouse don't like my company. She is your wife; I am only your encumbrance.

HARTS. Say no more about that; you are neither one nor the other, and she is both.

JULIA. Well, but hear reason. You can't get rid of one, and you can of the other. I'll be looking out for another apartment.

HARTS. Don't look out at all; but look to me for your protection. Your father's daughter shall not be the prey of libertines.

JULIA. What libertines want to make a prey of me?

HARTS. Varnish, for one. He is a puppy, and a prig; I tell you that. I know him well. I wish you had never let him into the house.

JULIA. The house is not mine, neither is Mr. Varnish my visitor. Mrs. Hartshorn must receive what company she pleases.

HARTS.

6 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

HARTS. Ah, Julia, you know why he visits Mrs. Hartshorn; therefore listen and attend to me, thou orphan relief of the best of friends! There is a man somewhere, upon sea or land, I know not which—I never saw him—to whom you should be kind; to whom you should be grateful.

JULIA. Grateful! Explain yourself.

HARTS. A man your father form'd, protected, train'd to his profession: whom he lov'd, approv'd, confided in; and to whom (mark me, Julia) in his dying moments, (I was present at the time) amidst prayers and blessings (I held him up in his cot at that awful moment) Julia, your expiring father devoted you. That man is Bentamour, a gallant Captain in the British Navy.

JULIA. Heaven protect him! (*weeps.*)

HARTS. Amen, with all my soul.

JULIA. Why have I never seen him?

HARTS. A seaman's duty makes all else give way: His Country has had need of him.

JULIA. Why have I never heard from him?

HARTS. I think you do hear from him.

JULIA. What do you mean?

HARTS. Are you not regularly supplied with money for your accommodation and support?

JULIA. Ah, now, my dear good Sir, inform me, if you can, who is that unknown friend to



my necessities, whose bounties, so mysteriously convey'd, I never have been able yet to trace?

HARTS. Nor have I; therefore I will not swear that Sentamour is the man; but I think I was not mistaken in my conjecture, when I said that you do hear from him. In short, Julia, I have a stump of the sea oak in me still; and when I hear of a generous action, which nobody fathers, I am apt to suspect that the heart which inspir'd it, will be found to beat under an anchor button: Therefore, again I say keep your heart for Sentamour, and beware of Varnish——

*Varnish enters unobserved.*

VARN. Varnish, at your service—to that name I answer, worthy Mr. Hartshorn; and beg to know, if, when you warn this lady to beware of me, it is because you think me a notorious scoundrel. If that is your conception of me, only be pleas'd to say so, and give me an opportunity of correcting your mistake.

HARTS. Sir! Mr. Varnish.—

VARN. I am all attention.

HARTS. When you enter a man's house without any introduction, and break in upon his private conversation without any ceremony, you must take your chance for what you hear, and seek your remedy as you see fit.

VARN.

8 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

VARN. And for efficacious remedies (I speak upon experience) Mr. Hartshorn the apothecary is outdone by no man. The golden mortar that adorns your door, is at once the symbol of your profession, and the safeguard of your person. I have frequently call'd you in, Mr. Hartshorn; I shall never call you out.

HARTS. If you never call again, I shall not break my heart. [*Exit.*]

VARN. You see, Miss Clareville, what I submit to for your sake. Rescue me only from the humiliating necessity of visiting you in this filthy drug-shop, give me but one endearing proof of your confidence, and behold me at your feet.

JULIA. What proof do you require of me?

VARN. Simply to assume a station worthy of yourself, an independent and respectable establishment, for which you shall be supplied with money to satisfy all possible demands.

JULIA. I am supplied to satisfy all reasonable demands; I have no ambition to enlarge them. I subsist upon the bounty of an unknown friend.

VARN. But you can trace conjecture to that unknown friend?

JULIA. Truly, Sir, I cannot; Mr. Hartshorn has his own ideas; but they seem to me so perfectly romantic, I can hardly credit them. They point at one far distant, whom I never saw.

VARN.

VARN. I am Mr. Hartshorn's most obedient humble servant; he has warn'd you against trusting me; I now caution you against believing him. Let him amuse himself with his idle conjectures, but don't permit him to mislead and puzzle you.

JULIA. Ah, now, Mr. Varnish, be sincere. Could not you direct me better?

VARN. I profess nothing but to admire and serve you. I can enjoy the luxury of befriending innocence and beauty without the vanity and parade of publishing it.

JULIA. I understand you now most perfectly; and the nature of my obligations being such, you will give me leave to consider how the daughter of a noble and distinguished officer ought in honour to conduct herself—We must converse no longer. [Exit.

VARN. So! here's a turn—I have borrow'd a few favours of the unknown friend, and the fruit of my manœuvre is—We must converse no longer—She must deliberate, it seems. Be it so! She is a woman, and—*The woman that deliberates is lost.* [Exit.

*Scene changes to Mandeville's Apartment.*

MANDEVILLE and SINGLETON.

MAND. Friend Tom, friend Singleton, I want to have a little serious talk with you.

C

SING.

10 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

SING. Out with it! and as serious as you please.

MAND. Yes; I didn't come to this giggling place to be merry; I came to meditate. Prythee, Tom, didst ever meditate upon matrimony?

SING. Often; always. Therefore I never undertook it.

MAND. Right. Now I meditate upon it also, but can come to no conclusion.

SING. No, you will marry first, and come to your conclusion afterwards.

MAND. Would not that be very foolish?

SING. Not altogether so. If you very much approve of a woman, you may marry; but if you are very much in love with her, you don't know whether you approve of her or not.

MAND. But how if I do not approve of her, and yet am very much in love with her?—There is Louisa Davenant, for instance; I can't approve of her, you know; nobody can approve of her.

SING. A little volatile, perhaps—a little vain.

MAND. No, she's not vain; there you are out; she's not vain; but she rattles without mercy, prattles without mitigation.

SING. Come, come, she prattles very pleasantly; has a great deal of wit, and an abundance of good humour.

MAND. Will not a grain, not an atom, as I am a living man; no wit—but affectation, vanity, as much as you can afford her.

SING.

SING. I thought you maintained she was not vain.

MAND. That was because you maintained she was. I don't like to hear her found fault with.

SING. Well then, my good friend, we will say no more of her wit; you are not extravagantly witty yourself, so we will put that aside, and take for granted you admire her for her talents and accomplishments.

MAND. She has no talents; never could be taught any thing. We are sister's children; I have known her from a child. She can't play a tune; no more music in her than a mile-stone; but then you know, Tom, I hate music.

SING. That's lucky. I hope you don't hate beauty too, for then I think you hardly could like her.

MAND. I like her because she professes so fixt an aversion to me, and seems to hold me in such sovereign contempt. That you know is so amusing, so animating before marriage, and so natural after, that we cannot fail to be good company.—'Sdeath! here she is!

*Louisa enters.*

LOUISA. Cousin Mandeville, I have brought my work, and am come to sit with you.

MAND. Are you indeed?

12      THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

LOUISA. Your apartment is so shady and so sombre. We are burnt out of our lodgings on the hill.

MAND. Yes, you lodge upon the very top of the hill; that may be one reason why I lodge at the very bottom of it.

LOUISA. Oh you odious creature! Why don't you set chairs for us?

SING. None for me. I never make a third in such parties. I am for the pump-room.

[*Exit.*]

MAND. There! he's for the pump-room. Are you not for going there too? If you are, don't mind me.

LOUISA. (*sits down*) Well, I don't mind you. But I am weary, and here I can rest both body and mind at the same time.

MAND. And couldn't you have done that at home? I wonder, cousin Louisa, you don't sometimes try how comfortable it is to sit still and be quiet.

LOUISA. I am trying it just now. When I want nothing else but to do nothing, and to think of nothing, you see I come to you; when I would seek pleasure and amusement, why then, cousin John, I go elsewhere.

MAND. Thank you; I am obliged to you. You are quiet here, I confess; perfectly still and quiet. You certainly are in no danger tête-à-tête with me.

LOUISA.

LOUISA. None in life. I bless the fates, cousin John, I can rub on as I am for some time to come yet.

MAND. Yes, yes, you can rub on very well as you are. You know you are not dying for me, and I am quite convinced I can live without you.

LOUISA. Very true. We can live tolerably well asunder: I am far from sure we could live so well together.

MAND. No, no. Perfect happiness is not the lot of mortals. If we live single, you see we have cares; if we marry——

LOUISA. Heavens! how they are multiplied! —Pick up my thread-paper. Don't you see I have dropt it?

MAND. Yes, but don't drop it any more. I hate trouble.

LOUISA. Then you must never marry. That is nothing else but trouble without termination.

MAND. And yet, Louisa, I cannot tell how it is, you seem to have fewer of those positives, that give trouble, and more of the negatives that prevent it, than anybody I am acquainted with.

LOUISA. Oh, yes; I have negatives in plenty, and for all occasions.

MAND. I don't doubt it: and if you was called upon just now, you have one in readiness.

LOUISA

14 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

LOUISA. At your service—one, and only one; for should you be importunate, and put me to repeat it, you know what two negatives make, and will interpret accordingly.

MAND. There, there you drop something I am eager to lay hold of——

*Raven enters unobserved.*

RAV. Nothing is dropt. Here it is—a letter from your uncle.

MAND. I receive no letters.

RAV. What ! not from your poor dear dying uncle ? Not from Sir Mathew Moribund ? Oh, fie.

MAND. Dying, do you say ? What is the matter with him ?

RAV. Nothing is the matter with him ; yet he can't last long ; for he takes oceans of physic, has a whole host of doctors, drinks no wine, reads good books, and moralizes most inordinately.

LOUISA. Yes, yes, friend Raven, he is doing penance for his past excesses. Your master has been a hard goer, and is now pulling up at the end of his journey.

RAV. He has had some amiable failings, sure enough ; some elegant irregularities ; but pray you now, Mr. Mandeville, be pleased to read his letter.

Mandeville



Mandeville *reads*.

MAND. "Dear Jack,

"It's all over with me. I have thrown off  
"seven doctors and eleven apothecaries—"

RAV. Seven and eleven—That's a nick.

MAND. "I have now sent my rascal Raven  
"to call in Hartshorn. There is but that one  
"cast upon the dye for me."

RAV. Then he'll throw *crabs*, and there's an  
end of him.

MAND. "I have still some hopes in Harts-  
"horn, not only because I hear a good report  
"of his practice, but because his name is so  
"comfortable."

LOUISA. I wonder then he keeps his rascal  
Raven still about him.

MAND. "I hear also that Hartshorn has  
"the finest girl in Bath, a lodger in his house—  
"but what of that? I have done with all such;  
"they are evil spirits, imps of the old one.  
"Come to me however, dear Jack, whilst it is  
"yet in my power to call myself Your's,

"MATHEW MORIBUND."

Louisa, how do you feel about this letter? You  
and I are equally allied to the writer of it.

LOUISA. Take your hat, and go to him.  
That is all you have to do.

RAV. Any answer?

MAND.

16 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

MAND. None.

RAV. Any further commands ?

MAND. Not any.

RAV. Adieu ! The rascal Raven humbly takes his leave, and will forthwith go in search of the rascal apothecary ; that being done, nothing will remain but to shut the doctor's book, and open an account with the undertaker. [*Exit.*]

LOUISA. Come, set out, and be off to your uncle.

MAND. Why in such haste ? All this is nothing. A meer fit of the meagrim, the old bachelor's disease.

LOUISA. Then look well to yourself, and take care you don't inherit something more than his estate.

MAND. Nobody but yourself can save me ; you only have the remedy.

LOUISA. Ah, Mandeville, my remedy might be worse than your disease.

MAND. Don't say so ; don't be so provoking, I can counterfeit no longer. The secret must come out : I am in love with you to distraction.

LOUISA. I know that very well ; I see that very plainly, and pity you very sincerely.

MAND. Pity ! What's that ? Pity is not love.

LOUISA. No, but it is one of the family. Now don't say another word, but go to your uncle.—Good bye !—A pleasant walk to you.

MAND.

MAND. There, now you are laughing at me. That is always your way. I don't like it, Louisa: I fairly tell you I don't like it. And (what is more) I don't love you half so well as I did; nay, I am not sure if I love you at all.

LOUISA. Yes, yes, you do. Let us part friends at least. Give me your hand.

MAND. I can't tell whether I shall or not. I am extremely angry with you. However, there is my hand: my heart is with it. Ah, Louisa, Louisa! you are at once the idol of my soul, and the torment of my life. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

LOUISA. Farewel!—So! what's the matter with me now? Oh lud, Oh lud!—Thank heaven, the man is more than sand-blind, and not blest with intuition, or he would inevitably find me out. [*Exit.*]

*End of the First Act.*

## A C T II.

*Hartshorn's House; the room as before.*

*Hartshorn enters, followed by his Shopman.*

SHOPMAN.

AN ill-looking fellow in the shop wants to speak with you.

HARTS. I hope he is as ill as he looks to be. Send him in.

SHOPM. Oh, but, Sir,—Squire Varnish has order'd in his bill. You have lost a customer.

HARTS. Let him go. The devil doctor him for an unclean whelp. I care not.

SHOPM. What! don't you care when your patients drop off?

HARTS. No: 'Tis the nature of 'em. My patients have a trick of dropping off. Send the ill-looking fellow in. (*Exit Shopman.*) I suppose he will drop off next.

*Raven enters.*

RAV. So.

HARTS. Well! So—and so! What more?

RAV. Is that your golden mortar over the hop door?

HARTS. That is my mortar.

RAV

RAV. And the name underneath it,—Samuel Hartshorn,—is that your name?

HARTS. Samuel Hartshorn is my name. Put apothecary, surgeon, and man-midwife to it, you have all that you can want of me.

RAV. I want nothing of you as man-midwife. My master Sir Matthew Moribund is not breeding—Hold! don't let me quite say that—he breeds meagrimms and maggots, begot upon him by blue-devils, who ride him night and day in the thapes of gallipots and glass phials, with halters of white paper round their necks; whereby they stand as thick in his bed-chamber, as the frogs did in Pharoah's.

HARTS. Before you go any farther, is he alive?

RAV. Alive! what a question is that?

HARTS. A very natural one, after your account of him. A very necessary one also; for, if he is not alive, I can be of no service to him.

RAV. Well, he is alive; and yet it remains to be prov'd if you can be of any service to him. However, I must do as he bids me; I am told to call you in; so take notice, I have call'd you.

HARTS. Take notice I will come. I understand he has seen a pretty many physicians.

RAV. Yes, and swallow'd all the physick they prescrib'd for him.

26 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

HARTS. That is his fault, and not theirs. Has not your master been a remarkable free-liver?

RAV. A damnable one.

HARTS. And do his physicians allow him wine now?

RAV. The devil a drop.

HARTS. Well, we shall see. Reach me that cane, if you please—I'll trouble you for my hat. Now tell Sir Matthew Moribund I will have the honour to attend upon him; and harkee, friend, walk leisurely home; take your time. The hills are steep, and you seem very feeble.

RAV. Yes, I am married.

HARTS. So am I.

RAV. The worse luck our's. Good bye to you. [*Goes out.*]

HARTS. 'Sdeath, if I don't fetch this Sir Moribund up with a wet sail, I have learnt my practice in a King's ship for nothing.

*Raven re-enters.*

RAV. O I forgot to ask you where the sexton lives. I take it for granted he's a friend of your's.

HARTS. A near neighbour. You'll find him at work in the church-yard close by. Suppose you let him take measure of you: it may save some time.

RAV

RAY. It may, it may; I thank you for the hint. *[Exit.]*

HARTS. There's a death-watch. There's a memento mori for a poor hipt devil dying of the meagrimis.

*Julia enters.*

JULIA. One word before you go out, my good Mr. Hartshorn.

HARTS. Let it be one word. I'm in great haste.

JULIA. You are wrong in your conjectures about Captain Sentamour. It is not he, but Mr. Varnish that has administer'd to my necessities since my father's death.

HARTS. I don't believe a word of it.

JULIA. You won't believe a word of it. He has all but confess'd it.

HARTS. If he had quite confess'd it, if he had sworn it, I would'nt listen to him. Julia, it's a flim, a trap, a false pretence to ensnare you. There is no trust in his word, no honour in his heart.

JULIA. Nay, but be candid, my good friend; be just.

HARTS. I am just; but I can't stay to talk with you; I expect a gentleman from London by this day's coach, who is an intimate of Captain Sentamour's; wait only his arrival, and all shall be made clear to you. *[Exit.]*

JULIA.

22 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

JULIA. He is obstinate against conviction.  
'Tis in vain to talk to him. [Exit.

*Scene changes to Sir Mathew Moribund's sick chamber. He is discovered sitting in his night-gown and cap. Nurse attending.*

SIR MATH. Nurse, wheel the chair a little onwards—Any message from my nephew Mandeville?

NURSE. None, Sir Mathew.

SIR MATH. Is Raven returned yet?

Raven enters.

RAV. Here am I.

SIR MATH. You've been a long time gone.  
You see I am still alive.

RAV. Are you indeed? I could'nt have believ'd it.

SIR MATH. Rascal, you are always croaking.

RAV. Yes, I do that by instinct.

SIR MATH. Have you seen my nephew John?

RAV. Yes, and your niece, Louisa. I gave them your letter.

SIR MATH. Did they read it?

RAV. With difficulty.

SIR MATH. Much affected by it?

RAV. Prodigiously.

SIR MATH. What answer?

RAV. They are coming to dine, and pass the evening with you.

Sir



Sir MATH. They are mad, and you're a fool. Will this apothecary with the fine name come? Will he draw his cork, and comfort me with a taste of his spirit?

RAV. Yes, you'll have taste and smell too, when he draws his corks, never fear. Oh! here he is; this is the golden mortar.

*Hartshorn enters.*

HARTS. Very hot—quite sultry. Bad weather for sick folks; not so for doctors.

Sir MATH. Sit down, Sir; sit down, Mr. Hartshorn, and recollect yourself. Take your time to consider of my case, and enquire into symptoms.

HARTS. How do you do? That's the first enquiry. If well, that's the best symptom.

Sir MATH. What are you talking of? If I were well, I would not send for you.

HARTS. And if I were no worse than you are, I would n't send for anybody.

Sir MATH. You are beside yourself. I can't be worse.

HARTS. Proud to hear it. Any change must be for the better.

Sir MATH. Sir, you talk a very odd language to a patient you never visited before—Neither have you touch'd my pulse.

HARTS. Gadso! I forgot that. Give me your hand.

Sir

24 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

Sir MATH. Well ! How do you find it ?

HARTS. Just as I expected—Can't find it at all. But never mind that ; I'll soon conjure up a pulse. Is this fellow your butler ?

RAV. Yes—I am the butler.

Sir MATH. What is that to the purpose ?

HARTS. Is he a good hand at drawing a cork.

RAV. I've been out of practice lately.

HARTS. How much physie have you taken ?

Sir MATH. Occans.

HARTS. Perhaps you havn't taken enough.

Sir MATH. Look at those phials.

HARTS. Phials ! What are they good for ? I administer my doses in quarts—rare old Madeira ; East India physie,—brought it home with me ; drink a good deal of it myself. I'll send you some in ; you must finish a whole bottle before you go to bed.

Sir MATH. Are you in earnest ? Nothing else ?

HARTS. You want nothing else.

Sir MATH. What ! Will you send me in no physie ?

HARTS. Plenty, if you'll promise not to take it. To be serious—Invite your friends, drink your wine, cheer your spirits, throw that old night-cap into the fire, and my physie out of the window—You'll be well to-morrow.

Sir MATH. You are a comforter indeed ! I see you are no friend to physie.

HARTS. O yes, I am—a great friend to physic. Live by selling it—more than they do that swallow it. Adieu!

SIR MATH. Hold, hold! Don't run off in such a hurry. Touch my pulse once more.

HARTS. Damn your pulse! Never think about it. Must be gone—Good day to you!

[*Exit hastily.*]

SIR MATH. Damn my pulse!

RAV. Yes, damn your pulse. That goes for nothing, you know, for you have no pulse.

SIR MATH. 'Tis false: I have a pulse. Hope raises it; expectation quickens it. Give me your arm. *Richard's himself again.* No physic—a bottle of Madeira!

RAV. Huzza! Hartshorn and the golden mortar for ever!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to a street.*

Captain Sentamour and Lindsay.

SENT. Now, shipmate here we are in Bath, and in this street, at the golden mortar, dwells Hartshorn the apothecary, on whom I have a design, in which, friend Lindsay, you must assist me. So, be prepared.

LIND. I hope I shall be always prepar'd to obey the commands of Captain Sentamour.

SENT. Spoke like a seaman, and a seaman's friend—I presume you notic'd the conversation

of a communicative gentleman in the mail coach with us, who talk'd much about a certain Julia Clareville, whom he call'd the Beauty of Bath. He gave us a list of her admirers, but insinuated that a young man of fashion, a Mr. Varnish, was the favour'd lover. In that lady's fame and fortune I am most particularly interested.

LIND. So indeed you seem'd to be.

SENT. Yes, Sir, Julia Clareville is the orphan daughter of a naval hero, who was a father to me, when I had neither parent nor friend on earth to help me. She is now as destitute and dependent as I was when her father protected and supported me. Can there be a duty more sacred than I owe to her, the reliet of my benefactor! None; and the reflection how imperfectly I have fulfill'd it weighs heavy on my conscience: But my Country call'd me forth, call'd me to distant seas, detain'd me there, possess'd me wholly.—How could I obey two calls, as wide asunder as the poles.

LIND. You have fulfill'd the greater duty.

SENT. And have not absolutely neglected the lesser. I have kept off indigence; she has not felt those wants, that money could supply. I would now do more; I would look into her heart, and convince myself how far the virtues of her father have been infus'd and foster'd in her bosom.

FINIS

LIND. You will have opportunity for that.

SENT. 'Tis that I am contriving. She lodges with this very Mr. Hartshorn, to whom you are recommended as a partner in his house and business. Your person is unknown to him, and my project is to pass myself upon him in your character, for the purpose above mentioned—You smile, Lindsay. I can read your thoughts. You think my project is ridiculous.

LIND. Romantic perhaps; you cannot be ridiculous.

SENT. Hear me. I want your name for little else than as an introduction, and you know we hold it fair to reconnoitre under false colours, tho' not so to engage. Do you conceive me now, or shall I open myself farther?—I would not approach her as Sentamour, because I would make no claim upon her gratitude; I would not purchase an opinion from her by money, by worldly prudence, or even by filial duty and obedience to her father's wishes. If she prefers Varnish, and he honorably proposes, let her marry him: As Lindsay, I obstruct her not; as Sentamour she shall never know me. Now have I explain'd myself?

LIND. Clearly. Your motives are, as they ever will be, noble and ingenious. But Sentamour is a gallant captain, Lindsay an humble surgeon; how can you assume a character so opposite to your own?

28 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

SENT. For the moment only. I don't mean to make up medicines, nor pass an examination with your intended partner. Hartshorn is a brother seaman, and a worthy fellow: if he finds me out, he will not betray me; and I have reason to know he will neither be offended with me for the imposition, nor with you for acquiescing in it. Does this content you?

LIND. Perfectly.

SENT. Now then for the golden mortar—up anchor, and away! *[Exeunt.]*

*Scene changes to Hartshorn's House.*

Mrs. HARTSHORN; JULIA.

Mrs. H. Miss Julia; Miss Julia Clareville, I say, answer me, in one word—will you, or will you not, see Mr. Varnish?

JULIA. In one word—no. Mr. Hartshorn has forbidden it, and I will not disobey him in his own house.

Mrs. H. Then will you, Miss Julia, be so very obliging to me, and so very much your own friend, as to quit this house, and put yourself under Mr. Varnish's protection, by whose bounty you are maintain'd?

JULIA. Madam, as to quitting this house, that shall be as you and Mr. Hartshorn may agree; but to your question, if I will put myself under Mr. Varnish's protection, I should suppose you hardly can expect an answer.

Mrs. H.

Mrs. H. Allow me to say you are under very great obligations to Mr. Varnish.

JULIA. If I am under obligations to Mr. Varnish, it is for favors unsolicited on my part; and if in return for those favors he requires of me any sacrifice of character, or even of appearances that might create suspicion, his favors become insult, and his friendship a pretence.

*Shopman enters.*

SHOPM. A gentleman to wait upon you.

JULIA. 'Tis Mr. Varnish. I won't stay in the room, if he attempts to enter it—Ah!—  
(*meets Sentamour at the door.*)

*Sentamour enters as Lindsay.*

Mrs. H. Who are you, Sir?

SENT. Lindsay, at your service. I believe I was expected by Mr. Hartshorn.

Mrs. H. Oh, aye, Lindsay is the person's name, who was recommended to him as an assistant in the shop: sit down, sit down: he will presently be at home.

SENT. Pardon me, Madam; I cannot sit whilst you and this lady are standing.

Mrs. H. Well, as you will for that; but I suppos'd you might be tired with jolting in the mail coach. I conclude that was your conveyance.

SENT.

50 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

SENT. You conclude very truly.

Mrs. H. I presume, by the information of your anchor-buttons, you are one of my husband's sort, a brother of the cockpit.

SENT. Exactly as you state it. I have serv'd in a ship of war; as Captain Sentamour's certificate will testify.

Mrs. H. Aye, very well; you are to sleep in the house. I shall order you an apartment in the attic. *[Exit.]*

JULIA. Mrs. Hartshorn is not extremely polish'd. You will meet a more agreeable reception from her husband.

SENT. Have I the honour to be in company with Miss Clareville?

JULIA. I am that person.

SENT. Then I am to assure you of the most sincere respect and good wishes of Captain Sentamour.

JULIA. Is he in good health?

SENT. He is in perfect health.

JULIA. I am rejoic'd to hear it. Has he been fortunate at sea?

SENT. He thinks himself extremely fortunate.

JULIA. Of his gallant services we have had frequent accounts. Is he humane as well as brave? Do his people love him?

SENT. Such as he is, your father made him. His instructions are his guides, his example never out of his sight. The nearer he approaches



to that model, the better officer and man he will approve himself. No one more reveres the memory of your father than Captain Sentamour.

JULIA. It does him credit. Gratitude becomes a hero. Did you know my father?

SENT. I had that honour.

JULIA. When did you last see him, and where?

SENT. The last time I saw him was in the evening before the fight off Copenhagen.

JULIA. Alas, alas! In that action he received his fatal, fatal wound.

SENT. It is a melancholy subject. Let me beg you to enquire no further.

JULIA. One question more—My father languished under his wound some days. Did Sentamour see him in that period?

SENT. Sentamour himself was wounded. He could not leave his ship.

JULIA. So far he stands acquitted; but you said that Sentamour reveres my father's memory; if so, was it never told him what were the last words and wishes of his dying friend? Did he never recollect that there was a wretched orphan in existence, who, if Hartshorn reports truly, was bequeathed to his protection?

SENT. Certainly he well knew and recollected every thing as you state it.

JULIA. How hard then is the fate of that orphan now to discover that she has been secretly supported

32 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

supported by the bounty of one, who never knew her father, never saw him, and to whom she cannot say—"This is a tribute of gratitude to my departed father: This remuneration it does not humble me to accept of."

SENT. And who is the person that has secretly convey'd to you those supplies, which Senta-mour, as you conceive, so ingratelully neglected to provide?

JULIA. That person is Mr. Varnish.

SENT. Then I have been rightly inform'd that Mr. Varnish is the favour'd lover, the accepted proponent for the honour of your hand.

JULIA. No, Sir, I will never favour that man's proposal, who may have it to say he has purchas'd me with money, or supported me upon charity. I will sooner work for my bread than accept another farthing from Mr. Varnish.

Shopman *enters*.

SHOPM. A letter for you, Miss. [*Exit.*]

JULIA. (*Opens the letter and reads*): "Lest your last remittance should be expended. I beg leave to present you with the inclos'd."—A bank bill for one hundred pounds. Again from Varnish! What can he mean? I will not keep it: I will not accept of it.

SENT. Hold, if you please! Hear reason, and be just. If this bounty comes from Mr. Varnish,—if every aid you have receiv'd since  
you

you lost your father has been bestow'd upon you by him, and nothing by Sentamour,—is it not fit and right you should give Mr. Varnish an opportunity of exhibiting his proofs, and allow Captain Sentamour a chance of accounting for appearances that are now so much against him? But we are interrupted—Put up your letter. We shall find a time—

*Hartshorn followed by Mrs. Hartshorn.*

HARTS. My dear Mr. Lindsay, I rejoice to see you. Give me your hand. Welcome to Bath! Here we are—Just come from my round of visits; up hill and down hill. Sultry hot, quite a siroque; south-east wind; thunder in the air; sour the beer—bowel complaints—swell the sick list—work enough for both; holidays for neither of us.

SENT. Well, Mr. Hartshorn, mine has not been a life of ease. I am us'd to work.

HARTS. So much the better. Walk'd the hospitals—work'd in the cockpit—All credentials ready—Captain's certificate—good recommendations—nothing wanting.

SENT. Nothing of that sort, I flatter myself.

HARTS. Pleas'd to find you tête-à-tête with my sweet Julia. Hope you have brought a packet of good news from Captain Sentamour—long to hear all about it. No time for questions now.

F

Mrs. H.

34 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

Mrs. H. Nor any for answers it shou'd seem, Mr. Hartshorn. Your tongue runs too fast for the gentleman to put in a word.

HARTS. Gadso! I forgot. Hav'nt introduc'd you to Mrs. Hartshorn—hav'nt made you known to my dear Dolly—(*Introduces Lindsay.*) Fine woman; amiable creature; happy couple—perfect sample of true nuptial felicity.

Mrs. H. Don't believe him, Mr. Lindsay. He gabbles without thought. There is no continuity, as my first husband us'd to say, in his discourse.

SENT. Pardon me, Madam, when I have such evidence of your powers to make him happy, why should not I believe that he is happy?

Mrs. H. Sam Hartshorn, a word with you!—Lindsay is a very fine fellow, but take my word for it he is no apothecary.

HARTS. No apothecary! Well, to be sure, you have had pretty good experience in apothecaries. I'll try him. Brother Doctor, I wish to have your judgement in the case of a certain Baronet I have just now visited—Patient hypochondriac, pulse feeble, small, compressible, hardly to be felt—nerves derang'd, solids relax'd, debility universal. What would you prescribe?

SENT. Oh the vengeance!—To a patient in that state, what wou'd I prescribe?

HARTS. Yes: that's the question—What wou'd you administer?

SENT.

SENT. Grog.

HARTS. Grog! that's a dose for a boatswain. What would you take yourself, or give to your friend?

SENT. Good old Madeira, if I could get it.

HARTS. Give me your hand! You've hit it; by the powers, you have hit it. Exactly my process with Sir Matthew Moribund.—Good old Madeira, if you could get it—and you shall get it; so come along, for I have the best in England, and the ladies shall partake of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

*End of the Second Act.*

## ACT III.

Sir Mathew Moribund, Mandeville, Singleton,  
and Varnish. (*An apartment in Sir Ma-  
thew's house.*)

Sir MATH. MORIBUND.

Now, gentlemen, learn by my example to  
cherish your genius with a generous glass, and  
keep off the foul fiend of melancholy.

MAND. I protest, uncle, I should hardly  
know you. It seems as if you had undergone a  
new creation.

Sir MATH. Yes, Sir, a new creation brought  
about by an old recreation. Therefore look to  
yourself, John; don't dream of my estate, for I  
mean to outlive you, marry, and raise up heirs  
to the expiring breed of the Moribunds.

SING. And I, who am in no such haste to be  
married, will lie by for your widow, Sir Ma-  
thew.

Sir MATH. You'll find that a long waiting  
job, friend Singleton. As for you, Varnish,  
who have youth, fortune, pleasure, at your beck;  
make haste and enjoy them. I have heard won-  
ders of your fair Hibernian. If you mean to snap  
her, be quick. I am thinking to throw out my  
hook.

VARN.

VARN. Your hook is not yet baited, Sir, and mine is taken.

MAND. Are you quite sure of that?

VARN. Are you quite sure of any thing? But unless you should take a fancy to propose to her, I think I may be sure.

MAND. You may chance upon a much more formidable rival in Captain Sentamour.

VARN. Captain Sentamour! Who is he?

SING. Nay, Varnish, don't ask that question. All the world knows him for a very brave and successful sea officer.

VARN. Well, Sir, let him succeed at sea, and let me triumph on the land. But since Mandeville thinks so favourably of his cause, and is so warm in his support of it, I confess that if I experience any change in the sentiments of Julia Clareville, I shall begin to apprehend I have more opponents than one to contend with.

MAND. Mr. Varnish will understand, that as I profess all possible esteem for Captain Sentamour, I am free to own that my good wishes will be evermore in concert with my good opinion; but as I am incapable of taking unfair measures in his, or any other man's, behalf, I must insist upon it that none such shall be imputed to me.

VARN. Mr. Mandeville, Sir, with all possible veneration for your principles, I have the honour to be your most obedient humble servant.

[Exit

38 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

Sir MATH. John, John, why will you provoke a quarrel with that petulant young man?

MAND. Judge me, gentlemen, am I in fault?

Sir MATH. No, but the fellow's an egregious puppy.

MAND. Then I must wonder, uncle, why you live with him.

Sir MATH. Whom must I live with, Sir, if not with puppies?

(Hartshorn *runs in.*)

HARTS. Just pop in to see how we are.—Oho! convalescent, come about again. That's well. Visit of form—glad there's no occasion for me.

Sir MATH. Pardon me, my good friend, there is great occasion for you.

HARTS. How so! What's the matter? let me feel your pulse.

Sir MATH. No, no, just now I want to feel your's. In the first place, accept this for your excellent Madeira.

HARTS. Won't take it. Put it down in the bill, Comforting cordial—Overcharg'd already. Won't be tip'd. Pestle and Mortar take no tips. Leave them for the doctors.

Sir MATH. But you have done me more good than all the doctors, therefore I don't see why you should be so disinterested.

HARTS. Can't help it. Every man has his faults—Humble servant, Mr. Singleton—happy



to see you look so well. A sign you are not my patient.

SING. 'Tis a sign I don't want a doctor, when I am not your patient. Is your expected partner Lindsay yet arrived?

HARTS. Apropos! I have a note for you, (*to Mandeville*) from Mr. Lindsay. I told him I should see you, (*gives it.*)—Sir Mathew, I shall take my leave. You are now in right train; live generously but avoid excess, and you will be perfectly well.

SIR MATH. My dear, dear Golden Mortar, I must and will embrace you.

HARTS. Have a care of my wig: Don't spoil my wig.

SIR MATH. Henceforward be my oracle, my great Apollo!

HARTS. Yes, I serv'd some time in the Apollo. Good day to you! [*Exit.*]

MAND. Uncle, I must take my leave of you.

*Louisa enters as he is going out.*

LOUISA. Stay, Mandeville—Halt! for I have something to inform you of.

SIR MATH. Ah, Lady-bird, can you find time to visit an old sick relation?

LOUISA. That you are old I deny: that you are sick I can't find out; that you are my relation is the only excuse I can make, for visiting the greatest rake upon record in all England.

SIR MATH.

40 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

Sir MATH. Fie on you, slanderer; I am no rake. I am a poor easy soul, that am sometimes led astray by my good nature to consort with rakes.

LOUISA. For the purpose of reforming them.

Sir MATH. Not altogether. Whilst they are sober, I say nothing; when they are tipsey, they won't hear me; if they are for gambling, what avails my preaching? And when they are for quarrelling, it's not safe to come between them.

LOUISA. So much for your gentlemen rakes; but the ladies do none of these things, yet they sometimes want a little of your advice, I dare say.

Sir MATH. And some of them take my advice.

LOUISA. In what particulars?

Sir MATH. For instance—I have lengthen'd their waists, deepen'd their tuckers, cover'd their elbows, and burnt their wigs.

LOUISA. You have burnt your fingers I believe, and nothing else.—Now, Mandeville, for you—I call'd, as you desir'd me, upon Julia Clareville, and was let in. She was greatly agitated, and had been in tears: She affected to say it was in consequence of her meeting with a gentleman, who knew her father, and had been talking to her about him; but I suspect that coxcomb Varnish is the cause of it.

MAND.

MAND. I rather suspect no coxcomb is the cause of it, but a very brave and honourable fellow, whom I have the happiness to call my friend, and for whom I should suppose it very natural for that young lady to conceive a tender sentiment.

LOUISA. A tender sentiment—for the honour of plain English, tell me what you mean by a tender sentiment.

MAND. Love.

LOUISA. Thank you. I am further off than ever. Love is a puzzle I know nothing of.

MAND. True, your acquaintance is with one of the family, called Pity.

LOUISA. Well, that's a tender sentiment, is it not?

MAND. A convenient one, so long as you can pass it off in exchange for love. Counters for current coin—Else I alone have demands enough upon you to break your bank.

LOUISA. Bring them in then. Make out your account against me. I warrant I can find officers to satisfy and escape the statute.

Sir MARY. Harkye, John; when you carry in your account, take my Lord Archbishop's licence with it, and then let's see how she'll deal between them.

LOUISA. Oh, right! That would be a choice of charities truly. I am very much obliged to you, uncle Noriband, for the hint.

If I copy your example, and neglect your precept, shan't you think I act at least as wisely as my adviser.

SIR MATH. No; for though I never married myself, I have a great deal to say in favour of the married state.

LOUISA. More, I can believe, than if you had made trial of it.

SIR MATH. It matters little what I have made trial of—an idle, silly, dissipated blockhead as I have been, and now you see what I have brought myself to be—a wayward, whimsical, windmill-headed hypocondriac—this hour among the tombs, the next upon the house-top:—a fellow well to pass, as nature made me; as I made myself, intolerable, capricious as a spoil'd child, and pettish as a lady's lap-dog. Marry, marry, my dear children; marry, and club your wits to make each other happy; for, depend upon it, 'tis your only chance. An old bachelor is the most melancholy, poor devil in creation, and an old maid is——

LOUISA. Never mind what she is, uncle, have pity upon the poor old maids, and say no more upon the subject.

*Raven steps in.*

RAV. No, you must say no more upon the subject. Your chaise is at the door, and you must

must take a turn upon Lansdown, to brace your nerves, and whet your appetite.

Sir MATH. Who says I must do that?

RAV. The Golden Mortar. He charged me to tell you so; he has taken your case into deep consideration, and has found out that air and exercise are absolutely necessary for you.

Sir MATH. A notable discovery truly.

RAV. Yes, and he charges nothing for it: he says, moreover, you must pay down all your subscriptions without loss of time, and present yourself at all balls, concerts, gardens, play-houses and public-places, for the good of your health, and benefit of those who conduct them.

Sir MATH. Hold; not so fast. One prescription at a time. Louisa, will you trust yourself with me upon Lansdown, or has my lecture frighten'd you?

LOUISA. Not at all; rather amus'd me; but I hear so many recommend matrimony to others, without venturing upon it themselves, that I begin to think those who know least, talk most, and those who know all, keep their own counsel and say nothing. Now, uncle, if you are ready I am with you. Mandeville will either stay at home and meditate, or take his horse and follow us.—Well! why don't you hand me to the carriage? Heaven help the man, he looks as dull as if he had come from Doctors Commons.

MAND. Ah, Louisa, Louisa ; I am dull, not because I come from Doctors Commons, but because I can't find my way to it. [*Exeunt.*]

RAV. O ! Once get married, and you'll find your way to Doctors Commons, no doubt on't. [*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to Hartshorn's house.*

Sentamour,—Lindsay *following.*

SENT. Come in Lindsay ! We shan't be interrupted. Hartshorn is not at home.

LIND. Well, Sir, how does your experiment succeed?

SENT. I have just parted from Miss Clareville, and should have put an end to my experiment, as you call it, by discovering myself to her, but that there is a secret smother'd in her heart, that puzzles me to guess at.

LIND. Do you suspect her of an attachment?

SENT. Certainly not to Varnish. He is entirely out of the question. But when I began to sound how her inclinations might be dispos'd towards Sentamour, and what reception I, as Lindsay, might encourage him to expect, her repugnance was so mark'd, and her agitation so evident, that I said no more upon the subject.

LIND. Permit me to observe, that I rather wonder you did not instantly discover yourself to her, state what you have been doing for her,  
and

and appeal to her gratitude for the preference that ~~she~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> you.

SEXT. Lindsay, where have you serv'd? Not with me, I shou'd think, but on board some Guinean on, who trades for slaves, and, so he does but buy the body's use, cares little for the feelings of the soul. Have we so long been shipmates, William, and don't you know me better?

LIND. Sir, recollect you bade me call you Lindsay. If then I gave you sentiments that fit that humble character, it was because I did not think for you, but for myself.

SEXT. Enough, enough! I would not hurt you, Lindsay, for the world. Prepare yourself for Hartshorn. I shall give up Julia. I will be no man's second in her heart.

LIND. It is not fit you shou'd. Is she as handsome as report gives out?

SEXT. When you ask that, I scarce know what to answer. I never found that beauty of itself was all-sufficient to enslave my heart: therefore I think it is not Julia's beauty, but something more impressive that has found so sudden and so deep a lodgement here.—But this is whining, lubber's language; so no more of it. Give me your hand. Don't think of what I said; let it pass off as my infirmity.

LIND. O Sir, 'tis past, and left no other trace but of my faults, and your forgiveness of them.

SEXT.

46 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

SENT. Hark! some one's at the door! Be off at once. We shall soon meet again.

*(Exit Lindsay, and at the same time, Varnish enters to Sentamour.)*

VARN. Do you belong to this house, Sir?

SENT. For the present I do. Mr. Hartshorn is not at home. What are your commands, Sir?

VARN. None for Mr. Hartshorn. My business is with Miss Clareville.

SENT. You wish to speak with Miss Julia Clareville?

VARN. Precisely that and nothing else. I wish to speak with Miss Julia Clareville; and if you will be so infinitely condescending as to tell her so, I shall be indebted to your politeness.

SENT. She is at home. What name must I announce you by?

VARN. Varnish, at her service. I presume you have now your lesson.—Mr. Varnish desires to speak with Miss Julia Clareville; and be pleas'd to add to it—with her alone.

SENT. Here comes the lady.

VARN. You will leave us.

SENT. Excuse me, Sir. In Mr. Hartshorn's house I am at home.

*Julia, to them.*

JULIA. Mr. Varnish, I am fortunate in meeting you. I have some property of your's  
in



in my hand which as I have no present occasion for, I must beg you will permit me to return.

VARN. Madam, I don't know what you mean.

JULIA. Ah now, don't deny it. You have taught me to believe I am so deeply indebted to you already, and money, Mr Varnish, is so suspicious a thing to pass between a fine, rich gentleman like you, and a poor destitute young woman like me, that, for my honor's sake, I must desire you in the first place to release me from this hundred pound bank bill ; and in the next place let me know the extent of my obligations to you, and whether all or any of those secret supplies, which I regularly have received, and on which I have of late subsisted, were, as you led me to believe, actually furnish'd and supplied by you.

VARN. Miss Clareville, you will draw no such declaration from me, neither shall I make answer to any one particular, till you tell me who this gentleman, a perfect stranger to me, is, and by what right he is made a party in our conference.

JULIA. Oh, Sir, that is soon done. The gentleman is Mr. Lindsay, and my very particular friend. Pray make no stranger of him ; he knows the situation I am in, and the business we are upon.

VARN. Does he so ? then he will receive no further

48 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

further information from me, he may assure himself; and as for the questions you have urg'd on me, you will do well to warn your prompter (for I'm persuaded you have a prompter) to take care I don't find him out; for if I shou'd—

SEXT. What will you do to him?

VARN. Treat him as his impertinence deserves. Let it be known to you, Sir, (since you are so curious to enquire) I will suffer no underhand intermeddlers to escape with impunity.

SEXT. Indeed!

VARN. Make yourself certain of that. I have declared myself the admirer of this lady; my pretensions cannot subject me to a refusal, my spirit will not bear an insult; my honour will not truckle to a rival. Therefore I let you know, (and you may govern yourself accordingly), no man living, least of all Captain Sentamour, shall venture to address Miss Clareville without accounting to me for his presumption.

SEXT. Now, I should make no account of all those menaces, if I were worthy to address that lady.

VARN. I admit your unworthiness, and you are indebted to it for your protection.

SEXT. Hold, Sir! I bar all conclusions of that insulting sort. I may be, as I am, unworthy of M<sup>rs</sup>. Clareville, and yet in no respect inferior to Mr. Varnish.

\*

VARN.

VARN. Who are you then, and what ?

SENT. The prompter, whom you threaten so severely. To spare you the trouble of seeking me out, I present myself to you.

JULIA. Gentlemen, gentlemen ! for heaven's sweet sake——

VARN. Don't be alarmed, Madam ; where you are present, the prompter is not seen.

SENT. Hear me, however ; for I now speak to you on the part of Captain Sentamour, and require you to renounce all claim upon the gratitude of this young lady on account of those assum'd benefactions, not one doit of which came from you, but every one from Sentamour, as this deed of gift under his hand and seal will testify. There it is, Sir : the evidence is conclusive ; and now what right have you to say, that no man living, least of all Captain Sentamour, shall address this lady without accounting to you for his presumption ?

VARN. You will attend to the lady, Sir, who, I perceive, is under some degree of trepidation, for which, as far as it may have a reference to my sensibility as to what you have been saying, there is not the slightest occasion. The urbanity of your manners, the natural ease and familiar turn of your conversation, so forcibly impress me with the desire of knowing you better, that I shall seize the very earliest opportunity of inviting you to a renewal of our acquaintance.

H

and

50 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

and of atoning to myself for the very short leave I am now constrain'd to take of you for a time, and of Miss Julia Clareville for ever. [Exit.

SENTAMOUR and JULIA.

SENT. My dear Miss Clareville, what are you alarm'd at?

JULIA. At your danger. I am sure that man has mischief in his heart. Have no more to do with him. He is a terrible man.

SENT. Fear nothing; I have a way of dealing with terrible men, that is apt to make them very tame.

JULIA. Why deal with him at all? 'Tis Captain Sentamour's affair, and he is absent.

SENT. That he cannot be whilst I am present.

JULIA. True; you are his friend. I never saw him.

SENT. Never?

JULIA. Never, to my knowledge.

SENT. Right! To your knowledge you have never seen him; but you'll receive this token by my hands. (*gives the Deed.*)

JULIA. Alas! alas! that I must live on gifts! —

SENT. Miscal it not a gift; accept it as the legacy of your father, and consider Sentamour not as the bestower of a bounty, but the executor of a trust.

JULIA.

JULIA. May his benevolence be his reward? May Heaven shower down it's blessings on his head; may victory crown him, and protecting angels shield him from danger, wheresoe'er he goes! He has my prayers. I have nothing else to offer.

SENT. He founds no claims upon you, imposes no restraints. Sentamour disdains the thought. Beauty like your's must needs attract admirers—If amongst these there is a favour'd and a happy lover——

JULIA. If there is, Mr. Lindsay—if there is a luckless prepossession at my heart——

SENT. What then; what then?

JULIA. You are the last man living that shall know it.

SENT. Why so? What have I done? And why am I so pointedly excluded from your confidence?

JULIA. Because—Dear me! because—Can't you guess the reason?

SENT. Indeed I cannot; at least I won't attempt it. Come, lovely, but mysterious tantalizer, tell me the man at once. I'll not betray you, and I pledge myself that Captain Sentamour shall not oppose your inclinations.

JULIA. Now then I understand you—If unfortunately for my repose, I may have fixt my affections otherwise than my father wish'd and recommended, you will pledge yourself for

Captain Sentamour, that he shall not oppose them.

SENT. I will.

JULIA. Very good. So much for your friend—for yourself, I understand you will be my advocate with him for setting me at liberty; you, like Captain Sentamour, wish me to follow, where my inclinations would lead me, and without any remonstrance as to the object of my choice, wave all opposition to the freedom of it. Now, then, to your question, if there is a favour'd lover; I answer you at once, and peremptorily—There is not. Unknown as Captain Sentamour is by me, I have no remarks to make upon his motives for releasing me; but when you, whom I do know, can be so accommodating to my caprices, so ready to subscribe to my entire emancipation, I have only to thank you for the offer of your services, but am perfectly determin'd never to resort to them.

[*Exit.*

SENT. There spoke the daughter of my gallant friend! This open display of her character cannot be mistaken. This interesting discovery I owe to my disguise. Now, if I lose her, I am of all most wretched.

[*Exit.*

*End of the Third Act.*

ACT IV.

---

Hartshorn *and* Mrs. Hartshorn.

HARTSHORN.

ALL this is well; all this is as it should be. Didn't I tell Lindsay we were the happiest couple in creation, and behold we are so! Good humour is a blessed thing; Good humour in a wife, my dear Dolly, is like gold leaf upon a pill; it does not alter the dose, but it makes it go down.

Mrs. H. Very true, my dear Sam; very well compar'd. And when I see a smile upon my husband's face, as I do now, it seems to me like sunshine in a prison; it does not set me free, but it makes confinement bearable.

HARTS. You are right; it does all that; and I shall always smile whilst you look kind.

Mrs. H. 'Tis your own fault whenever I look otherwise.

HARTS. Not always, Dolly.

Mrs. H. Always, Mr. Hartshorn.

HARTS. Come, come, Jumbkin, there are faults on both sides; but we'll not talk of faults: we will forget them.

Mrs. H. But you do talk of faults; aye, and

54 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

you commit so many, 'tis impossible to forget them.

HARTS. What faults have I committed just now? You have such a gentle way of bringing them to my recollection, I shall not be sorry to be told of them.

Mrs. H. Look at your pretended partner Lindsay. What do you know of him? What does he know of his business? Have you ever examin'd him?—Not you. Are you sure he is what he pretends to be?—I much doubt it. Not one feature of the Apothecary can I see in his face, not one trace of the Hospital in his conversation and appearance.

HARTS. What then do you take him to be?

Mrs. H. A very handsome fellow he certainly is; and without any compliment to his understanding, I take him to be very capable of outwitting you, and making off with your modest and immaculate Miss Julia. He is much more likely to be her partner than your's.

HARTS. Say no more; I'll be up to him. Outwit me indeed! No, no, he'll not do that.—Mum! not another word.

*Sentamour enters.*

Glad to see you, brother Doctor; glad to see you.—Dolly, my love, my life, we are upon business. (*Exit Mrs. Hartshorn.*) There! do you see that? A word, a look, a motion of my  
8 eye



eye does it. Docile and obedient as a tame she bear. Now to business. I can assure you Mr. Lindsay, my expectations are rais'd very high by the terms in which Captain Sentamour and others have reported you to me. I flatter myself I shall not be disappointed.

SENT. I am vain enough to think you will not.

HARTS. Very good, very good. A little self-confidence in our way is not amiss—but to the point. My practice, Mr. Lindsay, you observe, comprises all the three branches, Surgery, Pharmacy, and the Obstetric Department:—In the two former well establish'd—full employment; in the latter, rising, growing, mending every day. Now there it is, brother Lindsay, there it is that I must look to you. When ladies cry out, it is but fit and right the young and able should attend the call, and take that duty from the old and feeble.

SENT. With reason, Mr. Hartshorn, and they commonly do.

HARTS. Good; very good again. Then you'll turn out, when Obadiah comes full tilt upon the coach-horse, and I'll keep snug the whilst.

SENT. Yes, I'll turn out if I hear him; but I am us'd to sleep in a ship. Noises don't easily waken me.

HARTS. Not such noises perhaps as you are us'd to in a ship; but there are some that I am  
us'd

us'd to in this house will do it effectually, if others fail. You are handy enough no doubt in mixing up medicines, labelling phials, rolling up pills, construing prescriptions, weighing out drugs, and infusing them in their proper vehicles.

SENT. O yes, all that is very easy.

HARTS. I am glad you find it so: I can't say I always do. Of chemicals and galenicals I need not speak diffusely.

SENT. You need not speak a word about them. We'll agree to pass them over.

HARTS. We'll agree to no such thing. Pass them over indeed! I hope you understand their several powers, properties, and proportions; their compositions and decompositions, acids and alcalies, bracers and relaxers, quickeners and quieters, tonics and ante-tonics——

SENT. Understand them all—What is an apothecary that does not?

HARTS. What is he?—Why, he is what many apothecaries are: what I have been, and what I am now—puzzled.

SENT. I perceive it; instead of puzzling me, brother Hartshorn, you have puzzled yourself.

HARTS. De-ee, if I know whereabouts you are. Apothecary, or no apothecary—will you turn out, and take the round of the patients with me this afternoon?

SENT.

SENT. As I can be of no manner of service to you or to them, I had rather be excus'd.

HARTS. You had rather be excus'd! What the pestilence did you come here for?

SENT. For an experiment.

HARTS. I'm oblig'd to you—You came for an experiment! Be so good to try the experiment of going away again.

SENT. Bear with me a little longer, and I will give you perfect satisfaction.

HARTS. Give me the satisfaction of getting rid of you. If you will not go out and visit the patients, go out and visit where you like, only don't let me be favour'd with your company any longer.

SENT. If I were Sentamour, would you say this?

HARTS. No, d—ee, no! To Sentamour my arms are open'd thus, as wide as I can stretch them—To Sentamour I say—Here is my heart, command it; it is your's!

SENT. I take you at your word, for I am Sentamour. Forgive me, my dear fellow. I was anxious to know the real character of Julia. I wish'd to see her under no restraint, and sound the secret feelings of her heart. I borrow'd Lindsay's name, not in the hope I could impose on your sagacity, but as a cover only for the moment, till I could find how her affections stood, and where they pointed.

I

HARTS.

HARTS. Stop there, and tell me whether those supplies, which have subsisted her, were your's or not.

SENT. All mine, and Varnish is dismiss'd for ever.

HARTS. There, there ! I said it. Now my word comes true. Varnish has kick'd me out of his employ. Now I'll take in his bill, return his visit, and civilly congratulate him on his disgrace.

SENT. 'Tis dangerous playing with edg'd-tools, my friend. Take care of Varnish. Above all, remember that I am Lindsay still ; there yet remains one conference more with Julia, 'ere I drop the mask, and resume my proper person. Will you consent to this, and keep the secret ?

HARTS. Yes, and because my Dolly bears me out that you are no apothecary, I'll go and swear you are the very best that ever grasp'd a pestle. [*Exeunt.*]

*An apartment in Louisa's house.*

Louisa and Julia.

LOUISA. Come, my dear Julia, lay aside reserve. Let me have no apologies. My time is perfectly at your command : My heart is warmly interested in your happiness, and to render you any service wou'd afford me the sincerest pleasure.

JULIA.

JULIA. Ah, that is kind indeed! I feel your goodness; but as you cannot mitigate my sorrows, why shou'd I trouble you with the recital of them?

LOUISA. I can condole with you at least, and that is in some slight degree a comfort.

JULIA. My story is soon told. My dying father bequeathed me to the protection of Captain Sentamour—Nay more, he breath'd his life out in a prayer, that Providence wou'd so dispose our fate, as might unite us heart and hand for life.

LOUISA. Well! what prevents it?

JULIA. On the part of Sentamour nothing has been omitted. I have subsisted, and do still subsist, upon his bounty—But I never saw him——

LOUISA. And you have seen Lindsay—Is it not so?

JULIA. Yes, it is so.

LOUISA. Well! Lindsay is the friend of Sentamour, his advocate; and pleads so movingly, that your soft heart is melted by his suit—Am I not right?

JULIA. Oh yes, you are very right.

LOUISA. And you are very much in love, my dear, or I am very wrong.

JULIA. Ah now, don't say so. What a shocking creature must I appear to you, if that were true!

60 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

LOUISA. Unfortunate perhaps, not shocking.

JULIA. Ingrateful, base, unnatural!—What right have I, who live upon the bounty of Sentamour, to think of any else? What would my father say, were he alive?

LOUISA. Love little cares what living fathers say, or dead one's dictate in their parting hours. Love turns the benefactor from the door, and lets in the betrayer: so high Love holds his own supremacy, that he makes every passion own his powers.

JULIA. Heavens! what a horrid picture do you paint of my incurable and desperate case!

LOUISA. No, no, your case is not quite desperate. Love, like the viper, carries its own cure. Time will draw out the venom from your wound; but 'tis a tedious process. There is a quicker remedy in your reach.

JULIA. Aye! what is that?

LOUISA. Marriage—an authoriz'd and sovereign remedy—all other practice is but quackery and dangerous dabbling with the constitution.

*Enter Mandeville,—Sentamour following.*

Well! why do you come here? what do you want with me?

MAND. Nay, I don't know. I come here I believe only because I can't help it.

LOUISA. Who is this gentleman?

MAND.

MAND. Mr. Lindsay, a particular friend of mine. Give me leave to present him to you.

*(Presents him.)*

LOUISA. You have been out of England some time, Mr. Lindsay.

SENT. Some years, Madam.

LOUISA. And with Captain Sentamour all the time?

SENT. We have never been separated.

LOUISA. So I understand from Mandeville—and is the Captain coming to Bath?

SENT. Not coming.

LOUISA. Humph!—I understand he has been very successful.

SENT. He has avail'd himself of some lucky opportunities.

LOUISA. And some that might be lucky, I perceive, he overlooks. He may have taken prizes enough to make his fortune; there is yet one wanting to complete his happiness.

SENT. I am perfectly of your opinion, Madam.

LOUISA. I perfectly believe you. Nobody can live in the near contemplation of such charms, and be insensible to their influence.

SENT. *(Aside.)* Mandeville, for heaven's sake bring me off.

MAND. Come, Louisa, you must release this lady and gentleman: I believe they are engag'd

LOUISA.

62 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

LOUISA. And so agreeably engag'd, it would be cruel to detain them. Adieu, my dear Julia, a good walk to you: shall I wait upon you down the stairs?

JULIA. Oh, by no means. Mr. Lindsay will take care of me.

*[Exeunt Julia and Sentamour.]*

LOUISA. "Mr. Lindsay will take care of me!"—Yes, excellent care—such care as a hawk takes of a dove, or an alderman of a turtle. Lord help us, us poor women out of love, say I! Soft, simple, silly souls as we are, it makes dreadful havoc with our slender wits.

MAND. Ah Louisa, Louisa! I doubt much if it will ever get into your heart, or mount up to your head. O my conscience I believe you know no more of love than I do of the Sanchrite language.

LOUISA. How should I, when nobody is at the pains to teach me, and I can't acquire it by inspiration? I have been flatter'd by the men—that is not love: envied and abused by the women—that is not flattery. I should laugh at the coxcomb, who prais'd my beauty; I should despise the booby, who complimented me for my wit. I would be treated by the world as if I had common sense; nobody does that, therefore I treat every body as they treat me; and because I generally find fair appearances to  
be



be false upon trial, I get the character of a jilt and a coquette—but this is an old story, and I am tir'd of it. I'll sing you a Song.

## SONG. (LOUISA.)

*Tell me, tell me truly, gentle cousin John,  
He is blind, but you can see,  
Where is little Cupid flown?  
Let him fly, but not to me—  
When that wicked brat is gone,  
Then good-morrow, cousin, cousin John.*

## 2.

*Love has bow and arrows, gentle cousin John.  
Should he aim a shaft at you,  
Arrows mortal every one;  
That same shaft may wound me too.  
When that cruel deed is done,  
Then good evening cousin, cousin John.*

## 3.

*Love has chains and fetters, gentle cousin John,  
Hymen is a cruel knave,  
For he puts those fetters on;  
Makes his best of friends his slave.  
Farewel love when this is done;  
Then good night dear cousin, cousin John.*

M.A.N.D.

64 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

MAND. Let me prevail with you this once to have patience to listen to me, and charity not to laugh at me. I would fain say a few words to you just now about a poor awkward honest fellow of your acquaintance—

LOUISA. Meaning yourself—say on !

MAND. I shall make a blundering business of it, for I am not eloquent, and if once you put me down, there's an end of me. I shall never rally.

LOUISA. Well ; anything to accommodate you.—Let me see. Can't I contrive to carry on a discourse with you, and not speak a word?

MAND. How can that be done?

LOUISA. For instance — When you put a question, or advance a sentiment, and I nod, it means yes—

MAND. Very good.

LOUISA. When I shake my head, it means no.

MAND. Yes ; but nothing is so ugly as a shaking head.

LOUISA. Well then, when I do neither one nor the other, it means nothing.

MAND. Agreed ! and now to put your tokens to the test — Louisa, charming, captivating Louisa ! Do you not perceive I am irrecoverably in love with you ? (*nods*) Very good ; that means, yes. You have found out I am in love with you. Once more—Hav'nt you found out

also I am a very silly fellow for my pains? (*Shakes her head.*)—Better still; that means, no. I am not a silly fellow for being in love with you—Then what prevents me from proposing to you? (*Does neither.*)—Why that is best of all, for that means nothing. Nothing prevents my absolutely proposing. Now then for the important, the conclusive question—If I propose, will you consent? Death to my hopes! (*Shakes her head.*)—You will not consent. Have you no pity for the man that loves you? Have you so long known me, Louisa, and can you now renounce me?

LOUISA. Can I renounce the world, and its allurements? that is the question.

MAND. No, no; renounce it! Live, and be still its grace and ornament.

LOUISA. That is a lover's, not a husband's speech. I must dismiss my follies, and be wise. How long do you think t'will take to work that change? At least a twelvemonth?

MAND. I shan't live out half the time.

*Sir Mathew enters.*

SIR MATH. What are you talking of? You won't live out half the day, for Varnish swears vengeance against you for driving him out of

H

Julia

Julia Clareville's good graces, only because you want to gain her to yourself.

LOUISA. That is a gross falsehood, and I can give proof positive to the contrary.

Sir MATH. What proof? Assertions are no proofs. Words will not pass. Every body believes he is making court to Julia: The whole place has it that you have positively refus'd him.

LOUISA. The whole place is mistaken: I have done no such thing; and you may tell that fellow Varnish, if he dares to propagate such calumnies against me, I will confute him, and bring him to public shame, by marrying Mandeville to-morrow.

Sir MATH. There, there, John Mandeville, do you hear that? If you don't run mad for joy, it can only be, because you have no senses to lose.

LOUISA. Hold! not so fast. Don't start false premises and then draw rash conclusions. You have trap'd me into a sort of a promise, which I am neither equitably bound to fulfil, nor spitefully determined to revoke. In the first place Mandeville is to wait a whole twelve-month, till I am completely metamorphos'd into a good kind of body, and thoroughly reconcil'd to live in his execrable old castle in Glamorganshire---That will take six months at least.

MAND

MAND. I'll pull it down, and build a new one in half the time.

LOUISA. No, you must not touch it. I shall be very fond of it when I have got other castles out of my head. I must have six months more to learn all the elegant and ornamental arts.

MAND. You have them all: You possess every one of them. You are elegance itself.

LOUISA. Not a grain of it. I know nothing of the elegant œconomy of a chicken-yard or a dairy: of the ornamental art of making pyes and puddings I am profoundly ignorant. I have not yet familiariz'd myself to the pleasant odour of tobacco, and not a single move at backgammon do I know, so help me truth.

MAND. Pooh, pooh, Louisa, now you are turning every thing to joke and ridicule.

LOUISA. It is no joke let me tell you. What am I to do with the Parson? How am I to entertain the Exciseman, and recommend myself to the Natives? All these things, and a hundred others, not forgetting my abhorrence of Welch ale and toasted cheese, can't be got over in less than a twelvemonth--Can they, uncle?

Sir MATH. In something less, according to my calculation?

LOUISA. What is your calculation?

Sir MATH. Come home with me, Louisa, and

I will shew it you delineated to the life. In the fore-ground there is an honest virtuous husband—In the middle space a smiling scene of peace and plenty—And, in the back ground, an enchanting groupe of blooming cherubs, your posterity, in long and indeterminate perspective.

LOUISA. A family-piece I perceive.

Sir MATH. It is a family piece, and you must beware how you look at it with an eye of ridicule; for that, like the camera obscura, turns every thing upside down.

LOUISA. Never fear; we will be very serious. Mandeville, this family-piece will be a most valuable ornament to your old castle. You must take care to hang it in a good light. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Varnish, followed by a Servant.*

SERV. Mr. Hartshorn the apothecary is waiting, Sir, and desires to speak with you.

VARN. What does he want with me? Bid him leave his bill, and be gone; I have nothing more to do with him—Stop! where are you going? Tell him to come up. (*Exit Servant.*) He must have some commission for this visit—some overture perhaps from Julia Clareville, who may have seen her folly and repented.

(Hartshorn *enters.*)

HARTS. Humble servant, Mr. Varnis h.

VARN. Your most obedient, Mr. Hartshorn !  
To what happy chance am I indebted for the honor of this visit?

HARTS. I understand you call'd at my house when I was from home. Having ceas'd my visits to you as a patient, I did not quite expect you would return them to me as an apothecary. Beg to know your commands.

VARN. None for you Mr. Hartshorn, none in life. Your door stood open, and I turned into your house.

HARTS. There are many gentlemen welcome to turn into my house, as often they see fit : there are others in the world as welcome to turn out of it.

VARN. I understand you, Sir. All dealings between you and me are at an end.

HARTS. Entirely, and I flatter myself I can say you are the first living patient that ever put me out of your employ. Some indeed have taken leave of me for a very natural reason, and the rest have still a kindness for the Golden Mortar. I had the honor of being of some service to you, and carrying you through a dangerous attack. I never charg'd you even the fraction of a pill or potion, that I did not send in,  
trusting

70      THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER :

trusting it might do you good, if you took it and very sure it could not do you harm if you did not take it.

VARN. I have no fault to find with you as an apothecary. It is when you step out of that character, and instil evil thoughts of me into Julia Clareville, that I have just reason to complain of you, and consider your interference as officious and impertinent.

HARTS. Call it what you will, you can't deny that it was honest.

VARN. And if you had not been what you are, when I overheard you warning her against me, I should have treated you as you deserve.

HARTS. Treat every man as he deserves, and what would have been your situation, when you was detected in taking credit for benefactions you never had bestow'd?

VARN. Intolerable insolence ! must I bear such language from an apothecary ?

HARTS. Can you justify such conduct as a gentleman ? If you had kept to your character, I had not gone out of mine. If you had been as careful of your honor, as I have been of your health, you would never have heard this language from an apothecary.

VARN. Who waits ?—(*Servant enters*) Turn that insolent fellow out of my doors (*Servant makes an offer*)

HART. Have a care, friend, what you do. I  
don't



don't mean to be turn'd out either by you or your master. If you attempt to lay hands upon me, I shall lay my cane upon you, and probably make a worse crack in your scull than I shall be able to cure, (*Servant draws back*) There, Sir, your servant prudently declines the attempt; will you be pleas'd to undertake it yourself?

VARN. No, Sir; if I must be concern'd with the firm of the Golden Mortar, I shall take out your partner Lindsay, who has at least the appearance of a gentleman, and treat you, as I ever have done, with indifference and contempt. Now will you be pleas'd to walk quietly out of my house?

HARTS. As quietly as you can desire; only remember, Mr. Varnish, that a man, who has fac'd the perils of the sea, and the cannon of the enemy, is not to be frightened by a few windy words; for tho' I put a Mortar on my door, with Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-midwife under it, I write Gentleman over all, and will not be treated with contempt. So, now I am off, and that you may know where to find me, here's my bill— Pay it at your leisure. [*Exit.*]

VARN. Insolent savage! Take up his dirty bill, and follow me. [*Exit, with Servant*]

*End of Act the Fourth.*

## ACT V.

---

Sir Mathew *and* Raven.

Sir MATHREW.

RAVEN, I am going to talk to you more like a friend than a master.

RAV. I'm glad of it. I hope it won't be all talk, and nothing else.

Sir MATH. I am this day made the happiest fellow in existence. Mandeville is to be married to Louisa Davenant.

RAV. And why does that make you so happy?

Sir MATH. Because if he had not taken a wife, I must.

RAV. You have had an escape.

Sir MATH. I have been making my will, and settling my estate.

RAV. Very proper. He may have heirs and keep it in the family.

Sir MATH. And because you are an idle, good-for-nothing scape-grace, whom I have spoil'd, and nobody after me will endure, I have hook'd you into a small nook of my will, and left you a wherewithal when I am gone.

RAV. Aye, Sir; when you are gone, Heaven knows I shall want a wherewithal to comfort

me; but pray don't be in any hurry to go on my account; and above all, don't stint yourself in your legacy, as supposing I have sav'd any money in your service. No, Sir, I have copied your example in most things. You liv'd well, and spent your income; so did I, and spent my earnings. You lov'd wine and women; I had no dislike to either. You was a little given to quarelling, turn'd out in three duels, and was whip't thro' the small guts in the last; I fought my way thro' the whole Free and Easy Club, and was kick'd down stairs with two broken ribs at the concluding battle.

SIR MATH. Reprobate! Don't boast of your enormities, and then say you copied them from me.

RAV. I wish I had copied you a little closer; you have liv'd single; I married.

SIR MATH. Well, Sirrah, I am going to reform; copy me in that. I shall pass the remainder of my days with my nephew John in Glamorganshire, repose myself in the venerable mansion of my ancestors, lead a quiet moral life, and emulate the simplicity of their manners. Leave me. [Exit Raven.]

*Louisa and Mandeville enter.*

LOUISA. Ah my dear uncle, it is all over with me if you don't stand my friend. This man will hear no reason. I have abated him eleven  
L. months

months out of the twelve, and now he wants me to give up the poor little *honey* moon, which I have reserv'd to myself before marriage, as a qualifier for all the *vinegar* moons that will follow after it:—Is that fair?

Sir MATH. Perfectly otherwise, and I advise you not to give up an atom of your right, unless you are disposed to do it as your own free gift.

LOUISA. I don't believe I shall be so dispos'd, but I won't be positive, and put him out of all hope. I'll consider of it.

Sir MATH. Do so, my dear; 'tis as much as he can expect.

LOUISA. He knows how I hate noise and bustle, and a fuss about things of small consequence; therefore I bar all bell-ringers, bawling flower-women, city music, and the intolerable din of marrow-bones and cleavers: I denounce all white cockades, wedding favours, and surfeiting plumb-cake: If he ventures to present himself to me upon the fatal day in a new glossy suit of bottle-green, and a staring tuft of hair, cockatoo fashion, on the crown of his head, I'll swear the peace against him—but if all things are done silently and quietly, then perhaps—

MAND. What then?

LOUISA. Why then perhaps they can't be done too quickly—So here's my hand in pledge  
 + of

of faith, in token of affection. From this moment, Mandeville, I am your's for life; on you I will depend. When the church has join'd us, let the chaise take us off, and the castle take us in.

MAND. Oh! my soul's better part; my joy, my blessing!—

LOUISA. Hold, hold, hold! No raptures, if you please. Order yourself quietly, and give me no fine names till I have deserved them.

*Servant enters.*

SERV. Mr. Varnish desires leave to speak with you in private.

LOUISA. Let Varnish have his conference, and we will take our walk. I have promis'd myself to poor lovesick Julia, and have Mandeville's permission to impart to her a secret, on the discovery of which her happiness depends. [*Exeunt Louisa and Mandeville.*]

SIR MATTH. Tell Mr. Varnish I am at his service. (*Exit Servant*) This coxcomb either has some project in his head, or some quarrel on his hands, I am ill dispos'd to help him on with either.

*Varnish enters.*

VARN. Sir Mathew Moribund, I resort to you as to a gentleman, whose friendship I have long experienc'd. and whose courage no man ever doubted. I am just now in that predicament, in which you, Sir, more than once have

found yourself, and applied no doubt to your friends for assistance, as I am now compelled to do to mine.

SIR MATH. An affair of honour, I presume ; in plainer words—a duel.

VARN. Precisely that.

SIR MATH. I'm sorry for it.

VARN. With an obscure fellow, I confess—by profession, a surgeon—by name, Lindsay—I have call'd him out to atone for his scurrility ; he has promis'd himself to the meeting. It is now drawing near to the hour, and I am unprovided with a second.

SIR MATH. Perhaps you look to me for that office.

VARN. To whom can I so worthily entrust my honour and my life ?

SIR MATH. I must absolutely decline it. I am past the age of chivalry. One mistake I lose no time to set you right in :—The gentleman you conceive to be a surgeon, and describe as an obscure fellow, is an officer high in character ; his name is not Lindsay ; it is Sentamour.

VARN. Sir, are you sure of this ?

SIR MATH. There is no doubt ; and whatever may have been his reasons hitherto for concealing himself, I am persuaded he will not meet you under any other name or character than his true one. Now, Sir, let me counsel you to recollect yourself in time, and in that case, if you will accept of me as your mediator, a mutual explanation

explanation may do every thing away, and I will most readily undertake it.

VARN. Sir Mathew, I comprehend both the letter and the spirit of your proposal. The letter, give me leave to say, does not exactly apply to my case; and the spirit, under favour, does by no means meet my expectations. I have the honour to wish you a good day.

Sir MATH. Who waits? Attend upon Mr. Varnish.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*A Grove.*

SENTAMOUR *and* LINDSAY.

SENT. 'Tis not a pleasant business, Lindsay, I must own; but there is no avoiding it; say no more upon the subject. We are a little before our time. Who is this that follows us? (*Hartshorn enters.*)—Hartshorn, what brings you hither?

HARTS. Give me time to fetch my breath. 'Sdeath, Sir, I have burst the very braces of my heart, and carried away all my running tackle in chase of you.

SENT. And now you have found me, what is your business with me?

HARTS. What is my business with you? Duty. What is your's with Varnish? Danger. Here are the instruments to save your life; these are the weapons to revenge your death.

SENT.

SENT. No, no; take notice, I declare against revenge. I am provided with a second. This gentleman is my friend.

HARTS. It's very well; it's mighty well. I mean the gentleman no offence, but I must say, Captain Sentamour, I think it rather hard in you to overlook a poor old seaman, who would die a thousand deaths for you, and take a youngster for your second, who can die but once, and perhaps had rather not die at all.

SENT. You ought to know him, and I ought to introduce him to you as Mr. Lindsay; but this is no time for that, especially as I perceive Mr. Varnish is approaching.

*Varnish enters.*

VARN. Captain Sentamour, I presume.

SENT. At your service. You are alone, Sir.

VARN. I am, as you see, unprovided with a second. The time was short, and I have been disappointed in my application.

SENT. Use your pleasure, Mr. Varnish. Appoint another time; and if your anger cools, I shan't be sorry.

VARN. This gentleman, I conclude, is your second. Mr. Hartshorn, I take for granted, attends in his professional capacity. I am in your hands, Captain Sentamour; but I dare say I may rely upon your honour in every possible event.

SENT.



SENT. You will make your option. I repeat my offer; and you will either adjourn our meeting till you are better provided, or come to an explanation on the spot, as you see fit. Gentlemen, be pleased to step aside, and withdraw yourselves out of hearing. (*Hartshorn and Lindsay exeunt.*) Mr. Varnish, as I now present myself to you by a different name and character from what I fictitiously assumed at our first meeting, I hold myself bound so far to atone to you for the deception, as to assure you, I can retain no resentment as Captain Sentamour for any expressions you made use of towards me as Mr. Lindsay. I beg therefore to be understood, that, although I meet you in this place, I have no quarrel with you, no desire to attempt your life, nor any wish to risk my own.

VAR. Captain Sentamour. I nourish no particular inveteracy against you in my heart, nor I have always conducted myself according to the rules of honour; and I know not how they can well be dispensed with on this occasion.

SENT. If you have positively made your decision, Sir, you will proceed too quickly; for the longer time you give yourself for revolving upon sanguinary measures, the less will be your chance for execution, when you are brought to an account for them. As for me, Mr. Varnish, belonging as I do to another service,

I confess

I confess I have ever held it as a matter of duty to avoid all private quarrels. To my Country I have pledg'd my life ; and, if you did the same, your courage wou'd be well applied, for believe me she has need of every one of us.

VARN. Yes, and your public services have made your honour safe ; I perhaps, have not the same resource. You have secur'd the good opinion of the world ; I have to guard myself against it's censure and contempt.

SENT. Granted. I have exonerated my conscience. I tender you perfect reconciliation, and engage, if you agree to it, to guarantee your honour. You are here alone ; refer yourself to your friends, and consult their judgment on the case. You hardly will object to that proposal.

VARN. No, Sir, I do not object to that proposal, neither can I scruple to leave my honour in your hands, when you engage to guarantee it. I now perceive, Captain Sentamour, that true courage cannot consist in my past notions of false honour. I thank you for the lesson you have given me : There are few men living, perhaps, from whom I wou'd have taken it ; and now to make the best atonement in my power to Miss Julia Clareville, I will instantly take my departure from Bath ; and, as the strongest proof I can give you of a perfect reconciliation, here is my hand, sincerely tender'd ; and with

it a wish, not less sincere, that you may be happy in the possession of the most amiable woman in existence.

SENT. Stop, if you please. Your motives for leaving Bath, as far as they respect Miss Clareville, I perfectly understand. They do honour to your sensibility ; but as the guardian of your reputation in this affair, which we have now dismiss'd, I must advise you to revoke your purpose ; as, by staying with us sometime longer, you will make that clear to all the world, which a hasty departure might leave doubtful, and subject to malicious misinterpretation. Am I not right ?

VARN. You are perfectly right, and I am oblig'd to you for the advice.

SENT. Let us then walk home together, and, with your permission, we will take my friends with us by the way.

VARN. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

### Hartshorn's House.

#### Julia alone.

Alas ! Alas ! how my sad heart is tortur'd with, distracting thoughts ! Lindsay must be insensible and blind, if he does not discover how I love him. He does, he does, and cruelly contrives to bind those fetters every moment faster,

M from

82 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER:

from which he should assist me to break loose. I must, I will exert one timely effort, or I am lost for ever !

*Louisa enters.*

LOUISA. Julia, my dear, I bring you a proposal, which you must positively not refuse me. Nay, don't put on that grave discouraging face. It offers pleasure to you, my sweet girl, because it calls you to an entertainment, where all are friends ; and Lindsay will be present.

JULIA. Ah, Madam ! were I not the weakest wretch that ever doated on her own destruction, Lindsay's the very man I should avoid.

LOUISA. That would be mere coquetry, my dear ; you must perceive that he's in love with you.

JULIA. With me ?

LOUISA. With you.

JULIA. Impossible !

LOUISA. Decidedly ; desperately—with whom else do you suppose him to be in love ? With dame Hartshorn ? With the dirty drug shop ? Which is it, think you, your pretty face, or the golden gallipot over your door, that allures him to play the part of the apothecary, when all the while his real cast is that of Romeo, the god of your idolatry ?

JULIA. What do you mean ? You puzzle me, my dearest madam, you bewilder me : I

am giddy with conjecture. Is he, or is he not, the man he passes for?

LOUISA. The man he passes for! No, surely; he would pass on nobody for an apothecary, that was not in want of hellebore and a strait waistcoat. Open your eyes, unless love has blinded them; and the next time you see Lindsay, you will discover Sentamour.

JULIA. Oh! my dear madam, tell me, tell me truly. May I believe it? Are you well informed?

*Mandeville enters.*

LOUISA. Here's my informer. Mandeville will tell you.

MAND. You speak of Sentamour. The secret's out. He no longer wishes to disguise himself. I met him in full uniform with Lindsay not long ago. I think he'll soon be here.

JULIA. Heaven grant he may!

*Sir Mathew Moribund enters.*

SIR MATH. My visit is to Captain Sentamour. Who can direct me to him?

JULIA. Aye, who indked? You, Sir, perhaps can tell me if Varnish has not challeng'd him to fight.

SIR MATH. I wish that I could tell you he has not.

JULIA. There, there ! I am the fatal cause.  
Unhappy Sentamour ! for me he bleeds !

*Sentamour enters, and runs to Julia.*

SENT. Julia, my beloved Julia ! I now address you in my real character ; and if, as Lindsay, I have happily gain'd an interest in your heart, I hope I shall not forfeit it, as Sentamour, the friend of your father, honour'd by his approbation, and in his latest moments recommended to your choice.

JULIA. How happy I must be to find the friend of my father, and the man of my heart, one and the same person, may be conceived, but cannot be express'd. Captain Sentamour will draw his conclusions, and spare me the confusion of a more explicit declaration.

SIR MATH. Here, here ! come the rest of the parties. (*Varnish, Hartshorn, and Lindsay enter.*) Varnish, give me your hand ; this is as it should be. Now we meet in peace to shut the temple of Janus, and stick the olive branch in the Golden Mortar over the door of it.—Hartshorn, my dear fellow, though I wish you all possible good luck in your vocation, I am glad to see these gentlemen have cut you out no custom.

HARTS. Thank the fates, brother Lindsay, we have no surgeon's work on this occasion. I had better have been your patient, than Sentamour's should have been mine ; for tho' there

is no scarcity of brave officers in our Navy, there is a lumping overplus of apothecaries, and I should not have been miss'd amongst the number.

VARN. Captain Sentamour, have I your permission to address a few words to that much injured lady, and humbly intercede for pardon?—Miss Clareville, I am too deeply sensible of my errors to attempt any defence of them. The only claim I can make to your forgiveness, is, that being now convince'd I did not deserve you, and that Captain Sentamour does, I am thoroughly asham'd of the unfair means I took to mislead your attention, and beg leave to congratulate you on the happy choice you have made.

JULIA. Ah, now, Mr. Varnish, this is all too much, for any thing you may think I had occasion to resent. Believe me, Sir, when you are pleas'd to charge yourself, you for ever do away all remembrance of offence, and leave me only sensible to your candour and condescension.

SIR MATTH. Come, my good friends, we have happily dismiss'd the business of this day: To-morrow business of a better sort auspiciously awaits us. Let us devote some portion of the interval to good fellowship, and join our wishes for a happy union of devoted hearts. How stand  
your

36 THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

your inclinations, gallant Sir, to this proposal?  
(To Sentamour.)

SENT. Most cordially I close with it; and if my charming Julia will consider how precious to a Seaman every moment is, that duty spares him to devote to love, she will consent to let to-morrow be alike auspicious to me as to my friend.

LOUISA. I hope you don't expect an answer. Her silence and her blushes speak consent. Trust me for deciding upon symptoms.

HARTS. I hope that I can give some little guess at symptoms also. Therefore, if you, my Patients and kind Customers this night will but bestow some token of your favour, and dismiss your humble servant to my bed in peace, I will recruit my spirits for to-morrow, and with your permission inscribe upon my labels, in the true style of the shop—*The same to be repeated.*

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END OF THE COMEDY.

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## EPILOGUE.

TO every one, that is the Muse's friend,  
Lowly, devoutly, gratefully I bend;  
In humble hope you'll show the culprit mercy,  
I, for the culprit, drop the bench a curtsy.

My LORDS the JUNGES! Gentlemen o'th' Jury!  
I move you for th' acquittal of Old Drury—  
A name well known—she keeps a public stage  
For actor folks, and has this live-long age—  
The wits frequent her house, and the good dame  
Has dandled many a puling babe of fame;  
Our Bard for one—near forty years ago  
She nurs'd his BELCOUR, as her books will show—  
And now the hoary veteran has brought her  
To answer queries for his SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

My Lords! I own that in an Author's cause  
I've oftner gain'd than merited applause;  
Play-writing is like fencing in the dark,  
A man may shut his eyes and hit the mark.  
Well, advocate I am—Don't run us down,  
You Gentlemen of Counsel for the Town:  
Don't catch us out on every little flaw,  
Give us your Equity, and spare your Law;  
Keep a good tongue—if you must cross-examine,  
And above all things let us have no *dunning*.

Blest moment! when o'er every smiling face  
Good humour spreads her animating grace;  
Then, then you show, as true-born Britons shou'd,  
Round rosy cheeks of honest flesh and blood:  
But when you curl your noses up, and sneer  
Hyena like, how ugly you appear!  
When you begin to pish, and pont, and cry  
Off, o'f!—I'd rather you were off than I.  
Rare fun, to giggle and worry a poor play;  
Suppose you'd written it, what wou'd you say?  
Suppose your own small modicum of wit  
Launch'd'd like a tub before this whale, the Pit,  
Odds life, you'd soon confess the saying true,  
That what to them was sport was death to you.

Come then, my candid friends, with kindness come,—  
Bring your hearts here, and leave your heads at home!

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